**Bearly Lethal**

"Just one drink," he had said. "Nobody will notice you're gone… besides, I can technically order you to!" The words had rung true in Raistline's mind, but he knew that Howlader, his Proconsul would never actually order him.

"Fine, one drink Howie, but we're not going to Spanky's," I'd responded, knowing full well that we'd end up whiling the night away in the classiest little brothel this side of the Hydian way. "I need to get a report out by morning, you know how anal Yacks is about his reports."

Why don't I ever do what I say I'm going to do? And why haven't I learned that there is no such thing as one drink when you're surrounded by the vilest, most depraved individuals in the galaxy. And yes, I realize it might be harsh to call the Old Folks that, but Sith take it… they're out of control!

It all started, as it almost always does with those scoundrels… over a girl. Not that I'm interested in any of that kind of thing anymore. I'm a good boy, and Cat checks me nightly for evidence, so I keep my nose clean. Hell, normally even Howie tends to stay out of it, leaving the skirt chasing to the other members of the Home. But not tonight. Not after she walked in.

The attraction was obvious, well, at least from looking at the old man. For my own part, I couldn't really see what had piqued his interest, but there had been whispers… rumours of the old man's peculiarities in the boudoir. Frankly, I'd never really believed them, but there it was, standing at 4 foot nothing: an ewok who had black and white fur. The effect on the normally cranky old codger was immediate. Not even my hurried warning could quiet his screech of "Hey hot stuff! I wanna crawl inside you and make a fort!"

The reaction from around the bar was one of instant, unbridled fear. For you see, unlike myself, Howlader couldn't see the bristling, edifying mass of muscle, fang and bone that walked behind his new ursine love interest. He certainly couldn't see the bond rings around their arms. So what exactly does one do when a drunken old man makes a brutally uncouth pass at an ewok in front of her Shistaven lover, you might ask? I'll tell you what. He hightails it the hell out of there, and calls in backup from the other denizens of the home.

Not that backup really helped us. I considered myself to be in pretty good shape, but Howlader didn't help our case at all. He kept insisting that he could take the big dog (and drew a new, louder and more terrifying growl every time he said it), and that his new panda lover would taste all the sweeter for it.

Part of me wanted to leave him to his fate, but hey… We're Taldryan: we just don't do that. Anyway, after a little while I thought I managed to lose the guy through a back alley, and after some convincing I managed to get Howie turned around and back onto the Ektrosis campus. Yacks has better stuff stashed in his office, I had said.

That's when it happened. Or, should I say, that's when Ben happened.

Ben wasn't officially a member of Taldryan anymore. But he still had access to everything. Nobody knew how, they just couldn't be bothered to try to fix anything or get his hooks out of the systems. But Ben heard the call to help Howie, and came a running just the same. His completely customized speeder was spewing fire and death in every direction, obviously some preplanned contingency piloting subroutine the mad genius had worked up (he wasn't even steering, he looked like he was making toast with jam). Apparently, since I was dragging him, I was classified as the target, and the fire rained down around me and Howie.

I won't exaggerate: I thought I was going to die. I wouldn't be the first member of Taldryan killed by Ben's insane plans, and I definitely won't be the last… but thankfully, with a sigh of relief and a whispered "marmalade.." Ben looked up, and gasped recognizing me, and shut everything down.

"So…" he said, looking at the chaos he had wrought. "Everything is ok here I guess. Howie, need a ride back to the home?"

And that's how I got here: surrounded by fire, Ektrosis' house literally burning around me. Because of one insane old man's love for bearly legal flesh, I now had to try to come up with an excuse that Zoron would listen to.

DP Keirdagh Taldrya Cantor / CON / Taldryan

Dossier #83